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MARY

THE MAID OF THE INN

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MARY,

THE MAID OF THE INN.

MARY was the daughter of Joseph Morley, who was landlord of an Inn on one of the great roads in the north of England, situate near the ruins of the ancient abbey of St. Agatha, whose tall arches and ivied remains attracted the attention of many an antiquarian traveller to this delightful spot, and which has rendered the Falcon Inn as celebrated as its good hosts had done. Mary's father had the reputation of being possessed of a good heart, and no traveller ever went from his fireside displeased or dissatisfied. His wife was also of a similar disposition, but whose only care was to increase her store, by making the most of every customer, with all of whom she was a great favourite. But the flower of the household, whose charms were the theme of the neighbouring village, was their daughter, who was the only child of this worthy couple. Her features were in the finest proportion, small and delicate, and her bright blue eyes, when lit up with "passion's feeling," expressed nothing but benignity and

love; the lily and the carnation vied with the tints of her complexion; her skin was as pure as the driven snow, her neck like alabaster; while, added to those personal charms, her temper was open, frank, good-natured, sportive and kind, and her modest deportment was the theme of every tongue. Such was Mary, beloved by all around her,—alas! that her fate was not more propitious!

It was on the evening of a dark and gloomy day in the month of November, when two travellers finished their cheerless and fatiguing journey, and entered a small inn on one of the great roads in the north of England.

One of them was an entire stranger; the other saluted the landlord with a hearty shake of the hand, and Joseph Morley, the host, immediately recognized in him an old customer and a former neighbour.

Well, Morley, cried one of the guests, whose name was Taylor, How have your affairs gone on since we last met? How is your good dame? and how is your daughter Mary? by this time I suppose she is married?

No, sir, Mary is not married yet.

But I hear she is about it, rejoined Mr. Taylor.

True sir; she and Richard Parker have been sweethearts awhile

Do you mean the son of Parker the maltster?

The same, sir.

I knew his father well; and a worthy man he was. If the son tread in his father's steps Mary will have a good husband. Now Mor-

ley, that you have satisfied my curiosity, go hasten supper, to satisfy my hunger,

Soon as the landlord left the room Taylor exclaimed to his companion, You cannot think, Wilson, how much I feel myself at home here; there is not a picture on the walls or a piece of furniture in this room, that I don't remember with pleasure. Some years ago, Morley was butler to Squire Sitwell; and he and the housekeeper, falling in love with one another, were soon married, and then took to this inn; and they appear to have prospered; and a worthy pair they are.

I have heard enough of the old people, cried his companion; now give me some account of the daughter. She must be very bashful, for I did not see her as we entered; and young woman are never backward at showing themselves, especially if they are handsome.

I never saw such a beautiful girl, replied Mr. Taylor. It is now two years since I saw her; her age was then sixteen: and though I have travelled much since, I have not seen one so beautiful as Mary.

Cannot I obtain a sight of the sweet damsel? asked young Wilson,

Taylor immediately rang the bell, which was answered by the landlady: I hope I see you well, Mrs. Morley; I merely wanted the servant, to inform you how much I wished to see you and your daughter Mary.

She modestly received the kind salutation, and told him Mary was visiting at a friend's house, but that she expected her every minute,

and then, after thanking Mr. Taylor for his kind enquiries, she politely withdrew.

Mrs. Morley had scarcely descended the stairs, before her daughter opened the front door. My dear, said Mrs. Morley, our old neighbour, Mr. Taylor, has come and is very anxious to see you. Mary replied that she did not feel capable of commanding sufficient cheerfulness to appear before strangers. As she proceeded towards their private room, her mother perceived that she was either unwell or unhappy.

What is the cause of your grief my child? cried her mother, anxiously; are you unwell; do tell me what's the matter.

Oh! no, replied Mary, endeavouring to resume her wonted vivacity; only a foolish fit of low spirits, for which I cannot assign any good reason.

I suppose you have seen Richard this evening.

I have, cried Mary hastily, but it is not him, he has not done any thing to make me feel uneasy.

At this moment, a bell announced that Mrs. Morley was required to attend in the tap room, and Mary felt relieved by her mother's absence.

Mary had been with Richard that evening; he was somewhat intoxicated, and the strangeness of his manners and conversation, alarmed and bewildered her. He had asked her if she would fly with him to another land, and for his sake leave every thing that was dear to her in her native country. Why should such a thought occur to his mind? What necessity could exist

for such conduct; both their parents were agreeable to their intended marriage. Capable of thinking correctly, Mary, dearly as she loved him, had long seen his faults and was not ignorant if their probable results. Her parents had often talked seriously to her on the same subject; but all her thoughts ended in a conviction, that he would forsake his bad habits as soon as they were married.

Richard was, what the people call, a superior young man: he was tall and well proportioned, and possessed many of those glaring qualities which invariably attract the notice of superior observers; his temper was free and open, but he was negligent and idle; and the same easy disposition which assured him free access into any good company, also led him into bad; who by their persuasion and example, made him contract habits as dissolute as their own.

His tender-hearted father had long been aware of his runious course of life, but he thought, that kind treatment, and the virtuous example of Mary, would prove more effective in reforming him, than the exercise of harsh authority. The unhappy father soon perceived his error, and was compelled to threaten him with severity. Often Richard's heart was softened, and sometimes he would endeavour to form good and lasting resolutions; but Richard could not persevere.

On the evening of Mr. Taylor's arrival at the inn, he had probed her heart. In order to animate his spirits he had been drinking; and he would have informed her of the embarrassed

state of his circumstances, had he found her less shocked and alarmed at the idea of quitting her friends and her country. But unable to dismiss the subject from his own mind, he was absent and strange in his manner, and, without any cause, infused that sorrow in her bosom with which she returned home.

As soon as Richard left Mary, he slowly bent his way to the rendezvous of his companions, turning over in his mind, as he went along, the liabilities he had to meet, and the debts he must discharge or fly from, when he was interrupted by the appearance of one of his *friends*, Andrew Foster, a dark gloomy looking being about thirty years of age.

Why, what the plague do you do here, Dick, quoth Foster; I have been to the Falcon to seek you; I suspected you were there dangling after old Morley's daughter.

I have been with poor Mary this evening, replied Richard.

Poor Mary! why, hang it man, you'll never make her rich, if you don't bestir ye; come, come, a job's to be done, we must have some cash: come, my boy, we can have it by only asking.

You mean to plunder, to seize that to which I have no right, and that with which I shall never prosper.

This is all old women's talk! Are you then a coward, Dick!

A coward!

Aye, fear the dark, and a single traveller? Why, if I had offered to lend a friend a helping

hand, I'd break my heart soon than my word.

Come Foster, do not try to persuade me, I was mad—I was drunk—I did not know what I said, you cannot mean it!

I always mean what I say, replied the other doggedly and furiously; both of us want money I know were it may be had, and I shall take it. The squire crosses the heath to-night with a round sum about him—he'll not think of resisting two of us.

Ah, but should he do so?

Why—pshaw, d—n it man, then we must do the best we can. Here's a crape boy to disguise your face, and we shan't let him hear our voices, and you know, he may be drunk, which would be better still.

He is a rich, proud man, cried Richard, meditating—were I but sure it would end thus.

Be sure it will—come, here's your pistol.

A pistol, for what?

To frighten him to be sure. When he sees your barking-iron, I warrant he'll swoon away; and then we can take his cash at our leisure, and leave him comfortabe. And the news of it will soon blow over.

Foster, the pistol's loaded, cried Richard, in a tone of horror, as he laid it down.

Loaded! well it's best to be safe; should the worst come to the worst, we must save ourselves. Dead men tell no tales, and if we are put to it boy, we shall only blow off his head, that's all.

For God's sake, Foster, hold that horrid laugh; how should we answer for it at the last day?

The last day is a long way off; besides, repentance on a death-bed makes all clean. But come, lad, don't give way; you know the old rascal must kick the bucket some day or other. Come along, man.

I cannot! I will not.

Will not; This to me, who have lent you my last shilling? This is you who have sworn a hundred times to stick by me.

And I would still in every thing but this.

Aye, aye, any thing but what you are asked. But harkye, Dick I've stood by ye all sorts of weather; and I thought you'd have done the same by me. Come Dick, if you don't help me to make money, pay me what you owe me that's fair.

You know, Foster I have no money.

Then I am off—you'll hear from me, and others will hear of you.

Stay, Foster, cried the wretched and irresolate Richard, you know I would willingly assist you in every thing I could. Will you promise not to go beyond robbery——

I promise—come, we should be on the watch by now,—Here drink, and d—n it, Dick, don't think about it. It will be over in a crack; you'll have plenty of cash, and Mary besides.—There's my hearty fellow as I always thought you.—Drink again and now for it.

Almost mad with liquor, and strong excitement, Richard went forth that night, with his desperate companion, to a desperate deed.

We must now return to the inn. A violent ringing made Morley hasten to the room of

the strangers. As he opened the door, he heard Mr. Wilson vociferating, A bet, a bet, you lose, depend upon it. I shall win, I shall win, reiterated Mr. Taylor; when seeing the landlord making his appearance, he exclaimed, turning to him—is Mary come home? I have just laid a wager, that she will go to the abbey to-night by herself and bring me a bough of the alder tree that grows in the centre aisle.

Mary has shown her courage many a time, said her father, somewhat proudly; she will go to-night, sir, stormy as the weather is. There is not a man in his majesty's service (glancing at the naval uniform of Mr. Wilson) that is more fearless than my daughter, though but a girl.

You hear, cried Mr. Taylor, looking at his friend. Hear, yes, to be sure, I do, replied Mr. Wilson; but who would trust to what a father says of his child? ask the daughter herself. Why this wind might awaken the dead; she'll go as much as my umbrella. She will go, cried Mr. Taylor, passionately, and go fearlessly too.—Nonsense! replied his friend, the first white cow she sees, if she's induced to cross the threshold, she will fancy a ghost, and faint away.

Bring her to us, Morley, cried Mr. Taylor and let me convince this unbelieving fellow.

The landlord left the room and very soon returned with Mary, As she entered the room the travellers were struck with her appearance. In her figure and carriage, there was a grace and dignity uncommon and unexpected in her sta-

tion of life; a blush animated her beautiful features which deepened as the strangers continued to gaze upon her.

Mary cheerfully consented to go to the abbey and breaking away from the travellers who appeared more anxious to detain her than to let her go, she hastened to dress herself for her solitary ramble. The abbey was nearly three-quarters of a mile from the inn. it had once been a magnificent ruin. The local tales attached to that dreary ruin were many; murdered nuns and guilty friars had laid their bones there, but not their spirits, which were said to haunt the abbey.

Mary, with a mind singularly firm, did not suffer these stories to infuse the slightest terror into her heart; well grounded in the articles of the Christian faith, she cherished that entire and pure reliance on Providence which sustained her through every difficulty.

The wind was rising every now and then in sudden gusts, as she bent her way to the abbey. The moon was struggling through masses of black clouds, and only at intervals shed a faint uncertain light. Mary knew the way too well to lose the path, and safely and speedily reached the grand and mouldering gateway; she passed lightly through it; and stepping over the fragments that lay in her path, soon reached the centre aisle, where the alder tree stood. She was drawing near to it to gather a bough, when the sound of footsteps rose upon her ear; her hand dropped, and she listened attentively, thinking that it might only be the wind; but the

sound approached too rapidly and regularly, and she was sure there were others in the abbey besides herself. Stepping softly and hastily back, she hid herself behind a projecting piece of ruin, and waited for the issue of the event.

In a few minutes, she heard the slow steps of men, as if supporting some heavy burden, passing along the aisle. They went in a direction opposite to where she stood. One of those faint glimmers of moonlight, which had been appearing and disappearing all the night, enabled her to discern some large and heavy substance on the ground; having breathed a moment, they dragged it along nearer to the place of her concealment, and she then saw it was the body of a murdered man, partly covered with blood and with torn and dirty clothes.

She saw, or rather heard, for the moon was again obscured, the murderers digging a grave for their victim. They evidently dug in trembling haste; and having thrust the body into the shallow hole, and replaced the thrown up earth, they collected the shrivelled autumnal leaves that lay about, and scattered them over the new made grave. They whispered over their task of horror; but the sound of their voices blended so with the hollowing of the wind, that Mary could not catch a word; one sudden gust as they bent over the body, blew off the hat of one of them, and it rolled to the feet of Mary. A terror shook her frame like an ague; but they rose from their dark work of guilt and horror, and passing the spot where she lay, quitted the Abbey without attempting to find

it. When the last sound of their footsteps had died away, she rose, seized the hat, and winged by terror, flew through the opening of the ruin; the rustling of the leaves, as she ran along, she fancied to be the noise of the murderers in pursuit of her; and the fanciful forms which the mouldering of decay had given to the walls, appeared (as the light of the moon shone faintly on them) like the assassins standing in wait for her. At length she gained the turnpike road, and had not proceeded far when the sound of footsteps again filled her with alarm. To advance had been to meet them; she therefore stopped, trusting they would pass her, but, as the persons approached, she distinguished the voice of her father. Alarmed at the length of her absence, he had set out with his two guests to seek her. She threw herself into his arms, and burst into an hysterical fit of tears. As soon as she was able to speak, she told them in a hurried manner, all she had seen.

This affair must be investigated, cried Mr. Taylor; Morley, take poor Mary home, Wilson and I will hasten to the Abbey, and call on Sir William Morris, the magistrate, on our way.

The exhausted maiden, leaning on the arm of her father, returned home; she still kept the hat with the nervous grasp with which she first caught it up, and she now held it up crying, This is the hat of one of the murderers! One of the servants took it to examine, and read the

name of Richard Parker, on the inner-side of it. Mary started from her seat and seizing the hat, examined it herself. It is his hat, his name and his hand-writing! she ejaculated, in a tone of deep despair; and dropping it from her hands, she covered her face with them, and sank into her chair. At length, starting up, she exclaimed, Oh! mother, mother, it may not be him, and falling on her mother's neck, she wept in agony. She tried to remember the voices of the murderers, and their height and size as she saw them by the light of the moon; and a secret consciousness whispered one of them was Richard. Oh! if he is guilty, thought she, he must fly. But who is to warn him that offended justice is already in pursuit of him? Let me fly, and try to save him, if I can! Where are you going Mary? cried her mother, as she saw her dart from her chair. Do not stop me dearest mother, she earnestly said, I shall be back directly. Her mother suffered her to leave the house, while her father followed her at a distance.

She directed her rapid steps to the dwelling of Richard. She ran down the meadow leading to his house, when Richard overtook her.—Mary, what do you do here at this hour? What is the matter? Oh! Richard, you know too well what's the matter! fly for heaven's sake, all is known—the deed is discovered—you are suspected.—What do you mean? he asked, while his cheeks every moment grew paler; you are mad.

No, but I soon shall be. Richard, there is no place of safety for you here—fly, and may

God forgive and guide you! The officers are searching for you. Richard, pierced to the heart, looked at her for a moment, and then threw himself upon the ground. She went and hung over him with the deepest anguish; she felt that this was not the hour to forsake him.—Leave me, Mary, he cried; abandon me to my fate. In my most virtuous days I never deserved you. The sounds of distant footsteps just then reached their ears. They are here, cried Mary, with horror. Richard started on his feet. Oh! fly, cried Mary, and God in his mercy save you. He pressed her to his bosom without uttering a word, and flying across the meadow, she saw him disappear over the adjoining hedge.

Every instant the maiden was engaged in mental prayer, for her unfortunate lover; and hope, and trust in the mercy she supplicated, kept her in a tolerable state of composure.—About nine o'clock, Mr. Taylor entered the room where she was sitting, and said, in a low voice, you must accompany me before the magistrate, to take your deposition on the fatal business of last night; collect yourself, and remember that you will have to appear also on the trial; the unfortunate man is taken.

Poor Richard! exclaimed Mary, as she burst into tears. Oh, my heart will break before the day of trial.

Not so Mary, replied Mr. Taylor, you must summon your fortitude, and act as a girl of your superior understanding.

Oh! Mr. Taylor, I feel the justness of your reproof, I will endeavour to do my duty; I

know I ought to declare the truth, and by the help of God, I will declare it. But oh! rather would I have died than lived to see this day.

Richard's course had been traced from one spot to another, till the whole proceedings of the day were made out; but of his companion no one could give any account. A man, wrapped in a large coat, had enquired for Richard at the Falcon, of Mr. Morley himself; but whence he came, or whether he had gone, remained a mystery.

The body was raised from its place of concealment, and presented a spectacle too dreadful to describe; and the mournful business of the day closed by Richard's committal to the county gaol, to take his trial at the assizes just then commenced.

The day of trial arrived; at an early hour every avenue to the court was crowded to excess. The unhappy Mary appeared in the witness box, pale and wasted with grief, and almost before she had finished her evidence, was carried fainting out of the court.

Several other witnesses were examined; Richard's blood-stained clothes, which he had concealed, were produced, and the fact of his guilt placed beyond a doubt.

He was at length called on for his defence; his eyes were fixed upon the place from whence Mary had been taken. Collecting his thoughts, he addressed the court in a few words, and thus accounted for the appearances against him:—

I confess with shame and sorrow that I went out that night to commit the crime of robbery.

We were resisted; our victim had nearly escaped from us, when my companion fired after him. Perhaps it will hardly be believed that I flew to succour him, and raising him in my arms, covered myself with his blood; my companion followed also, but with a different intention, and, least he should survive, stabbed him to the heart. The peril of my own situation recalled my scattered senses and I assisted in the interment of the body in the Abbey. I participated not in the booty, purchased by murder; I am the greatest sufferer, but not the greatest criminal. For the sake of those I leave behind I wish to impress that on your minds; and I now bow myself with an humble and contrite spirit to God to whom alone I can now look for mercy.

He ceased; a verdict of "guilty" was returned. Sentence of death was passed upon him, and that day week appointed for his execution.

Through the exertions of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Wilson, a pardon was offered him, on condition of his impeaching his accomplice; but he rejected it, declaring that he should never be so fit to die as he then was, and that he would never betray a confidence. His last reply was:—

I am so awakened to a sense of shame and dishonour that, after what has passed, I cannot accept of life. I feel the humble hope, that I have made my peace with God, and I most freely forgive all my enemies. With regard to those I love, for whom my heart bleeds at every

pore, my life could not atone to them for what they have suffered, nor could I remove from them the memory or the shame of the past.

On the morning preceding his execution, Mary visited him for the last time.

Mary, beloved Mary, he cried, as he pressed her to his heart, do not unman me thus. Teach me, as you have often done before, the lesson of fortitude and resignation.

Oh! Richard, fortitude is exhausted, but I am resigned to die. This is our last meeting, Richard—our last on earth; but we shall meet again in heaven, and meet soon. Tell me in the little time I may linger behind you, have you no wish I can fulfil—can you leave me no little task that I may do—and do—and die?

None, my own love, he cried, kissing the tear from her pale cheeks; but to forgive me, and that to goodness like yours, is a task indeed.

Forgive you! yes, from my inmost soul: O, Richard! you know not half my love, half my agony at this moment. I have also much to be forgiven. Oh! I shall think of every cold and cruel word I ever uttered to you—and day after day shall I weep till nature will at last refuse me tears.

No, my love; you will think of the many hours of my life you blest, while I was yet guiltless and happy!—of the many you soothed when I was sunk in sin and wretchedness. You have injured no human being—you have not broken a parent's heart.

Mary, I said I had no wish for you to fulfil—no task to perform—I have.

Oh, speak! what is it? she exclaimed, with trembling eagerness.

A moment Richard struggled with the strong feelings that convulsed his frame; but at length cried—

That poor old man, Mary, will you not be a daughter to him? will you not go sometimes to his desolate fireside, and sit with him, and soothe his lonely hours? Oh! I feel—oh! I feel the torture—the wretch, the villain I have been.

Mary mingled her tears with those of her lover, as she promised to be a daughter to his father. The signal for her departure was then given; but Mary was carried from the prison in a state of insensibility.

The next morning, the unfortunate young man was led forth to the place of execution. He ascended the scaffold with a slow, but firm step, and continued in prayer till the last moment.

Mary soon shewed symptoms of derangement, and it was found impossible to restrain her from wandering about the country.

The body of Richard was gibbetted on the spot where the dreadful crime was committed, and that became poor Mary's haunt. There she would stand and address the wild and fervid language of madness to the sad remains of Richard. Often were she seen sitting or standing before it.

After the lapse of some few years, Andrew

Foster, the instigator of poor Richard's crime surrendered himself to justice, finding life a load too burdensome to be supported under a consciousness of guilt so deep, and offences so manifold. The ends of justice were thus completely answered, by the execution of Foster, whose body was hung upon the same gibbet. From that time poor Mary ceased to visit the common, but still continued to wander about the country, sometimes the sport of the idle and unthinking, but more often the object of kind feeling and deep compassion.

The progress of age and infirmity deprived her of her father, and she was one morning found frozen to death upon her mother's grave, where she had expired in the course of the night. It was thought she had experienced some partial return to reason, by the place she had chosen upon which to breathe her last.

SOUTHEY'S POEM

ON

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN

Founded on the foregoing melancholy Tale.

WHO is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly fixed eyes,
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains—but silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Thro' the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare, and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day),
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been;
The traveller remembers, who journey'd this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,
As she welcom'd them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She lov'd—and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hop'd to be happy for life;
But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
Who knew him, would pity poor Mary, and say,
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

'Tis pleasant, cried one, seated by the fire-side,
To hear the wind whistle without.
A fine night for the abbey, his comrade replied,
Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who would wander the ruins about.
I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead.
I'll wager a dinner, the other one cried,
That Mary would venture there now.
Then wager and lose! with a sneer he replied,
I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow.
Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?
His companion exclaimed with a smile.
I shall win, for I know she will venture there now;
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle.
With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.
O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
Thro' the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and the shade
Seem'd to darken the gloom of the night.
All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the whole pile;
Over wood-covered fragments still fearless she pass'd,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder tree grows in the aisle.
Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
She paus'd and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head;
She listen'd nought else could she hear:
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins, distinctly, the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near

Behind a white column, half-breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there;
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear,

Then Mary could feel her heart's blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by;—
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd;
She fell—and expected to die!

'Curse the hat,' he exclaims, 'Nay come on, and first hide
The dead body,' his comrade replies,
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She cast her eyes horribly round;
Her limbs could support her faint body no more,
But exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;
Her eyes from the object convulsively start—
For, O God! what cold horror thrill'd through her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew.

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

J. Ross, Printer, Arcade, Newcastle.